

HOW NOT TO THINK

Talmage Shows the Use of Forgetfulness

IN HIS REGULAR SERMON

Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Yesterday—The Value of a Retentive Memory.

BROOKLYN, June 5.—The enormous audience which thronged the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning had fresh evidence of Dr. Talmage's originality. The value of a retentive memory every one knew by experience and had heard extolled from their school days up, but they learned from Dr. Talmage's sermon that the art of forgetting is worth cultivating, and that there is the highest possible example for its exercise. His text was Hebrews viii, 12, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

The national flower of the Egyptians is the hyacinth, of the Assyrians is the water lily, of the Hindus is the marigold, of the Chinese is the chrysanthemum. We have no national flower, but there is hardly any flower more suggestive to many of us than the forget-me-not. We all like to be remembered, and one of our misfortunes is that there are so many things we cannot remember. Misfortune, or the art of assisting memory, is an important art. It was first suggested by Simonides of Ceos five hundred years before Christ.

Persons who had but little power to recall events, or put facts and names and dates in proper perspective have, through this art, had their memory reinforced to an almost incredible extent. A good memory is an invaluable possession. By all means cultivate it. I had an aged friend who, detained all night at a miserable depot in waiting for a rail train fast in the snow banks, entertained a group of some ten or fifteen clergymen, likewise detained on their way home from a meeting of presbytery, first, with a piece of chalk, drawing out on the black and sooty walls of the depot, the character of Walter Scott's "Marionette," and then reciting from memory the whole of that poem of some eighty pages in fine print.

My old friend, through great age, lost his memory, and when I asked him if this story of the railroad depot was true, he said, "I do not remember now, but it was just like me. Let me see," said he to me, "have I ever seen you before?" "Yes," I said, "you were my guest last night and I was with you an hour ago." "What an awful contrast in that man between the greatest memory I ever knew and no memory at all."

But thinking with this art of recollection, which I cannot too highly endorse, is one quite as important and yet I never heard it applauded. I mean the art of forgetting. There is a splendid facility in that direction that we all need to cultivate. We might, through that process, be ten times happier and more useful than we now are. We have been told that forgetfulness is a weakness and ought to be avoided by all possible means. So far from weakness, my text ascribes it to God. It is the very top of consciousness that God is able to obliterate a part of his own memory. If we report of sin and rightly seek the divine forgiveness, the record of the misbehavior is not only crossed out of the book, but God actually lets it pass out of memory.

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." To remember no more is to forget, and you cannot make anything else out of it. God's power of forgetting is so great that if two men appear to him, and the one man, after a life all right, gets the sins of his heart pardoned, and the other man, after a life of abomination, gets pardoned, God remembers no more against one than against the other. The entire past of both the moralist, with his imperfections, and the prodigal, with his de-lin-quencies, is as much obliterated in the one case as in the other. Forgotten, forgiven and forever. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

This sublime attribute of forgetfulness on the part of God and I need in our finite way to imitate. You will do well to cast out of your recollection all wrong-doings you. During the course of one's life he is sure to be misrepresented, to be lied about, to be injured. There are those who keep those things fresh by frequent rehearsal. If things have appeared in print they keep them in their scrapbook, for they cut these precious paragraphs out of newspapers or booklets and at leisure times look them over, or they have them tied up in bundles or thrust in pigeonholes, and they frequently again themselves and their friends by an inspection of these flimsy, tattered, and faded, these falsehoods, these caricatures.

I have known gentlemen who carried these in their pocketbooks, so that they could easily get at these irritations, and they put their right hand in the inside of the coat pocket over the heart and say: "Look here! Let me show you something." Scientific catch words and hor-nets and poisonous insects and transi-tions, they are continually bringing forth, and that is well. But those of whom I speak catch the wasps, and the hornets, and the poisonous insects and play with them and get them on themselves and on their friends, and see how far the sensitive insects can jump and show how deep they can sting. Have no such scrapbook. Keep nothing in your pocketbook that is disagreeable. Tear up the falsehoods, cut the shadows, and the caricatures.

Imitate the Lord in his text and forget, actually forget, utterly forget. There is no happiness for you in any other plan or procedure. You see all around you, in the church and out of the church, dispositions, scowls, malign, cynical, pessimistic. Do you know how charming and womanly that disposition is? It is by the embalmment of things pathetic and vengeful. They have open mouths of their time in calling the roll of all the sins that have nibbled at their reputations. Their soul is a cage of vipers. Everything in them is sour or embittered. The path of human kindness has been crushed. They do not believe in anybody or anything.

If they are two people whispering they think it is about themselves. If they are two people laughing they think it is about themselves. Where there is any sweet spirit in their hearts there are

few crab apples. They have never been able to forget. They do not want to forget. They never will forget. Their wickedness is supreme, for no one can be happy if he carries perpetually in mind the mean things that have been done him.

On the other hand, you can find here and there a man or woman (for there are not many of them) whose disposition is genial and sunny. Why? Have they always been treated well? Oh, no. Hard things have been said against them. They have been charged with officiousness; and their generalities have been set down to a desire for display, and they have many a time been the subject of little-tattle and they have had enough small assaults like grates and enough great attacks like lions to have made them perpetually miserable, if they would have consented to be miserable.

But they have had enough divine philosophy to cast off the annoyances, and they have kept themselves in the sunlight of God's favor, and have realized that those oppositions and hindrances are a part of a mighty discipline, by which they are to be prepared for usefulness and heaven. The secret of it all is, they have by the help of the eternal God learned how to forget.

FORGET ME AND FORGET.

Another practical thought—when our faults are reported of let them go out of mind. If God forgets them, we have a right to forget them. Having once repented of our infidelities and misde-moneurs, there is no need of our repent-ing of them again. Suppose I owe you a large sum of money, and you are per-suaded I am incapacitated to pay, and you give me acquittal from that obligation. You say: "I cancel that debt. All is right now. Start again." And the next day I come in and say: "You know about that big debt I owed you. I have come in to get you to let me off. I feel so bad about it I cannot rest. Do let me off." You reply with a little im-patience: "I did let you off. Don't bother yourself and bother me with any more of that discussion."

The following day I come in and say: "My dear sir, about that debt. I can never get over the fact that I owed you that money. It is something that weighs on my mind like a millstone. Do for-give me that debt." This time you clear your patience and say: "You are a nuisance. What do you mean by this reiteration of that affair? I am almost sorry I forgave you that debt. Do you doubt my veracity, or do you not under-stand the plain language in which I told you that debt was canceled?"

Well, my friends, there are many Christians guilty of worse folly than that. While it is right that they repent of new sins and of recent sins, what is the use of bothering yourself and imitating God by asking him to forgive sins that long ago were forgiven? God has forgotten them. Why do you not forget them? No, you drag the load on with you and 365 times a year, if you pray every day, you ask God to recall occurrences which he has not only for-gotten but forgiven. Quit this folly. I do not ask you less to realize the turpitude of sin, but I ask you to a higher faith in the promise of God and the full deliverance of his mercy. He does not give a receipt for part payment, or so much received on account, but receipt in full, God having for Christ's sake de-clared, "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

As far as possible, let the disagree-ables of life drop. We have enough things in the present and there will be enough in the future to disturb us with-out running a special train into the great gone-by to fetch us as special freight things left behind. Sometime years ago, when there was a great railroad strike, I remember seeing all along the route from Omaha to Chicago and from Chi-cago to New York hundreds and thou-sands of freight cars switched on the side tracks, those cars loaded with all kinds of perishable material, decaying and wasting.

After the strike was over did the rail-road companies bring all that perished material down to the market? No, they threw it off where it was destroyed, and loaded up with something else. Let the long train of your thoughts throw off the worse than useless freight of a corrupt and destroyed past, and load up with gratitude and faith and holy de-termination. We do not please God by the cultivation of the miserable. He would rather see us happy than to see us depressed. You would rather see your children laugh than to see them cry, and your heavenly Father has no fondness for hysterics.

GLORIFY IN WICKEDNESS.

Not only forget your pardoned trans-gressions, but allow others to forget them. The chief stock on hand of many people is to recount in prayer meetings and pulpits what big accom-plishments they were dignified. They not only will not forget their forgiven deficits, but they seem to be determined that the church and the world shall not forget them. If you want to declare that you have been the chief of sinners and extol the grace that could save such a wretch as you were, do so, but do not go into particulars. Do not tell how many times you got drunk, or to what bad places you went, or how many fine rides you had in the prison van before you were converted. Lasp it, brother; give it to us in bulk.

If you have any scars got in honorable warfare, show them, but if you have scars got in ignoble warfare, do not display them. I know you will quote the Bible reference to the horrible pit from which you were digged. Yes, be thank-ful for that rescue, but do not make dis-plays of the mud of that horrible pit or splash it over other people. Sometimes I have felt in Christian meetings discom-fort and uneasiness for reasons because I had done none of those things which seemed to be in the estimation of many necessary for Christian usefulness, for I never swore a word, or ever got drunk, or went to compromising places, or was guilty of sinning and lechery, or even uttered a shadowy word, or ever did any one of those things which I knew my heart was sinful enough; and I said to myself, "There is no use of my trying to do any good, for I never went through those de-pressed experiences; but afterward I saw consolation in the thought that no one gained any ordination by the laying on of the hands of dishonorable and infamy. And though an ordinary moral life, ending with a Christian life, may not be as dramatic a story to tell about, let us be grateful to God rather than worry about it, if we have never plunged into out-ward abominations."

It may be appropriate in a meeting of reformed drunkards or reformed de-

banchers to quote for those not reformed how desperate and nasty you once were, but do not drive a scavenger's cart into assemblies of people, the most of whom have always been decent and respect-able. But I have been sometimes in great evangelistic meetings where peo-ple went into particulars about the sins that they once committed, so much so that I felt like putting my hand on my pocketbook or calling for the police lest these reformed men might fall from grace and go at their old business of theft or drunkenness or profligacy. If your sins have been forgiven and your life purified, forget the waywardness of the past and allow others to forget it.

But what I most want in the light of this text to impress upon my hearers and readers is that we have a sin forget-ting God. Suppose that on the last day—called the last day because the sun will never again rise upon our earth, the earth itself being flung into fiery de-molition—supposing that on that last day a group of infernal spirits should somehow get near enough the gate of heaven and challenge our entrance, and say: "How came thou, the just Lord, let those souls into the realm of supernal gladness? Why, they said a great many things they never ought to have said, and they did a great many things they ought never to have done. Sinners are they; sinners all."

And suppose God should deign to an-swer, he might say: "Yes, but did not my only Son die for their ransom? Did he not pay the price? Not one drop of blood was retained in his arteries, not one nerve of his that was not wrung in the torture. He took in his own body and soul all the suffering that those sinners deserve. They pleaded that sacrifice. They took the full pardon that I promised to all who through my Son, earnestly applied for it, and it passed out of my mind that they were offend-ers. I forgot all about it. Yes, I forgot all about it. 'Their sins and their iniquities do I remember no more.' A sin-forgetting God! That is clear be-yond and far above a sin pardoning God."

How often we hear it said, "I can for-give, but I cannot forget." That is equal to saying, "I verbally admit it is all right, but I will keep the old grudge good." Human forgiveness is often a flimsy affair. It does not go deep down. It does not reach far up. It does not fix things up. The contestants may shake hands, or passing each other on the highway they may speak the "Good morning" or the "Good night," but the old hostility never returns. The relations always remain strained.

There is something in the demeanor ever after that seems to say, "I would not do you harm; indeed, I wish you well, but that unfortunate affair can never pass out of my mind." There may no hard words pass between them, but until death breaks in the same coolness remains. But God lets our pardoned offenses go into oblivion. He never throws them up to us again. He feels as kindly toward us as though we had been spotless and positively angelic all along.

AN ANECDOTE.

Many years ago a family, consisting of the husband and wife and little girl of two years, lived far out in a cabin on a western prairie. The husband took a few cattle to market. Before he started his little child asked him to buy for her a doll and he promised. He could after the sale of the cattle purchase house-hold necessities, and certainly would not forget the doll he had promised. In the village to which he went he sold the cattle and obtained the groceries for his household and the doll for his little darling. He started home along the dis-mal road at nightfall.

As he went along on horseback a thunderstorm broke, and in the most lonely part of the road, and in the heaviest part of the storm, he heard a child cry. Robbers had been known to do some bad work along that road, and it was known that this herdman had money with him, the price of the cattle sold. The herdman first thought it was a stranger to him and he was de-spoiled of his treasures, but the child's cry became more keen and ringing, and so he dismounted and felt around in the darkness and all in vain, until he thought of a hollow that he remembered near the road where the child might be, and for that he started, and sure enough found a little one fagged out and drenched of the storm and almost dead.

He wrapped it up as well as he could and mounted his horse and resumed his journey home. Coming in sight of his cabin he saw it lighted up and sup-posed his wife had killed all the robbers so as to guide her husband through the darkness. But, no. The house was full of excitement and the neighbors were gathered and stood around the wife of the house, who was inebriated as from some great calamity. On inquiry the returned husband found that the little child of that cabin was gone. She had wandered out to meet her father and got the present he had promised, and the child was lost. Then the father unrolled from the blanket the child he had found in the field, and lo! it was his own child and the lost one of the prairie home, and the cabin quaked with the shout over the lost one found.

Now suggest to me a fact that once we were lost in the open fields or among the mountain crags, God's wandering children, and he found us dying in the tempest and wrapped us in the mantle of his love and fetched us home, glad-ness and congratulation bidding us wel-come. The fact is that the world does not know God, or they would all flock to him. Through their own blindness or the fault of some rough preaching that has got abroad in the centuries, many men and women have an idea that God is a tyrant, an oppressor, an auto-ratist. A Name Sahib, an omnipotent Herod Antipas. It is a libel against the Almighty; it is a slander against the heavens; it is a defamation of the infi-nity.

I counted in my Bible 304 times the word "mercy," single or compounded with other words. I counted in my Bible 479 times the word "love," single or compounded with other words. Then I got tired counting. Perhaps you might count more, being better at fig-ures. But the Hebrew, and the Greek, and the English languages have been tagged till they cannot carry any more tributes to the love and mercy and kin-dness and grace and charity and tenderness and friendship and benevolence and sympathy and homeliness and fatherliness and motherliness and pa-triarchal and maternalism of our God.

A STORY OF GARIBOLDI.

There are certain names so magnetic that their pronunciation thrills all who hear it. Such is the name of the Italian

soldier and liberator, Garibaldi. March-ing with his troops, he met a shepherd who was in great distress because he had lost a lamb. Garibaldi said to his troops, "Let us help this poor shepherd find his lamb." And so, with lanterns and torches, they explored the moun-tains, but did not find the lamb, and after an unsuccessful search late at night they went to their camp.

The next morning Garibaldi was found asleep far from his camp, and they wakened him for some purpose and found that he had not given up the search when the soldiers did, but had kept on still further into the night and had found it, and he pulled down the blankets from his couch and there lay the lamb, which Garibaldi ordered im-mediately taken to its owner. So the Commander of all the hosts of heaven turned aside from his glorious and vic-torious march through the centuries of heaven and said, "I will go and recover that lost world, and that race of whom Adam was the progenitor, and let all who will accompany me."

And through the night they came, but I do not see that the angelic escort came any farther than the clouds, but their most illustrious leader came all the way down, and by the time his errand is done our little world, our wandering and lost world, our world fleecy with the light, will be found in the bosom of the Great Shepherd, and then all heaven will take up the cantata and sing, "The lost sheep found." So I set open the wide gate of my text, inviting you all to come into the mercy and pardon of God; yes, still further, into the ruins of the place where once was kept the knowl-edge of your iniquities.

The place has been torn down and the records destroyed, and you will find the ruins more dilapidated and broken and prostrate than the ruins of Moab or Kenilworth, for from these last ruins you can pick up some fragment of a sculptured stone, or you can see the curve of some broken arch, but after your repentance and your forgiveness you cannot find in all the memory of God a fragment of all your pardoned sins so large as a needle's point. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

And none of that will surprise you if you will climb to the top of a bluff back of Jerusalem (it took us only five or ten minutes to climb it), and see what went on when the plateau of limestone was shaken by a paroxysm that set the rocks, which had been upright, slanting, and on the trembling cressets of the split lumber hung the quivering form of him whose life was thrust out by me-tallic points of cruelty that sickened the moonday sun till it fainted and fell back on the black lounge of the Judean mid-night.

Six different kinds of sounds were heard on that night which was inter-jected into the daylight of Christ's as-sassination. The neighing of the war-horses—for some of the soldiers were in the saddle—was one sound; the bang of the hammers was a second sound; the jeer of malignants was a third sound; the weeping of friends and coadjutors was a fourth sound; the splash of blood on the rocks was a fifth sound; the groan of the expiring Lord was a sixth sound. And they all commingled into one sadness.

Over a place in Russia where wolves were pursuing a load of travelers, and to save them a servant sprang from the sled into the mouths of the wild beasts and was devoured, and thereby the other lives were saved, are inscribed the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Many a surgeon in his own life has in tracheotomy with his own lips drawn from the windpipe of a diphtheria pa-tient that which cured the patient and slew the surgeon, and all have honored the self sacrifice. But all other scenes of sacrifice pale before this most illu-strious martyr of all time and all eter-nity. After that agonizing spectacle in behalf of our fallen race nothing about the sin forgetting God is too stupendous for my faith, and I accept the promise, and will you not all accept it? "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Lover in Novels and the Lover in Real Life.

Sorrowful beyond words is that trag-edy at Niagara Falls in which a young woman hung herself to death in the tor-rent because her lover had deserted her. He had been her "steady company" for years, when all at once a good business offer came to him from the west, and he coolly bade her goodbye and left her for-ever. Then the girl jumped into Niag-ara, leaving a note saying that she was alone in the world and the one she loved more than life had deserted her. Doubt-less the lover feels angry at the dead girl for bringing all this notoriety on him, and is wondering, as so many mil-lions of men have wondered before, "Why a woman insists on following up a man and bothering him after he is tired of her." The trouble is that the girl gets her ideal lover out of the average novel, who is as unlike the lover of real life as black is white. Men and women do not understand one another.

The average man thinks he loves a woman desperately for a little while, it may be, then it is over, and he is ready to love some other attractive woman just as desperately. A sense of honor and duty often holds him faithful to the one, but often it does not, and this the girls who are ready to pour out their heart's blood for a man cannot learn too soon or too well. I do not know that men are to be blamed for it, for I do not know whether they could help it if they tried, and they certainly do not try. But what I am concerned for is the awful suffering of the woman. Girls should learn not to expect from men what it is not in their nature to give—a single, all absorbing devotion for a lifetime such as the novels describe. I do not say that no man is capable of such devotion, but when you find such a one, cherish him as he deserves. Therefore the fewer novels girls read the better, for they give utterly false ideas of men. There-fore, too, girls ought to be trained from the beginning to understand that life is full of friendship, of work and glorious achievement, waiting to give them solid enjoyment when "he" steps up and says: "To be! Goodbye, my dear, business is business."

Margaret Hanson, in one of her letters in The Journalist, tells a good story of a young newspaper woman who married a member of her own profession. A few weeks after the wedding the young husband found his little in tears. All

sympathy and alarm, he at length drew from her the confession that she feared she would never be able to write again, now that she was happy and beyond the necessity of weekly space work. She had tried composition, but ideas would not come. Instantly the frank husband replied, "Never mind, my dear; I have no doubt you will be able to write much better than ever after the honeymoon is over."

Conventionality withers a woman's nature and withers her face.

Lady Henry Somerset was much sur-prised at the apathy displayed by Amer-ican women toward political questions. She could not understand it. No more can I.

For the first time in the history of the country, women will vote for a president this fall in Wyoming.

If you wish to learn to be an extem-poraneous speaker do not write what you want to say at all. Write only the heads, then sit down quietly alone and mental-ly arrange under each the speech you desire to make. Then make it all over to yourself in your mind. Do this as often as three times before you are to speak, then rise and say out bravely what you can remember. You will be panicky at first and forget much, but continue and you will overcome all this feeling. Keep up the practice, and by and by your thoughts will naturally fall into place themselves.

For thirty-one years Mrs. John Drew successfully conducted the Arch Street theater in Philadelphia. During that time her energy never failed. She kept up with all the changes of thirty years in theatrical management and acting, and never have been wanting hand-some dividends to the stockholders of the old Arch street playhouse. Mrs. Drew won besides the respect and high-est esteem of the citizens of Philadel-phia. She now wants some rest, and so gave up the lease of her theater. Not-withstanding her retirement from active theatrical management, she will still appear occasionally in her former favor-ite roles as an actress.

Talk of energy! A woman, Mrs. Kate Bostwick, has more of it than anybody else I ever saw. Mrs. Bostwick con-ducts successfully a boarding house, writes regularly and well a large quan-tity of matter for papers in New York and Brooklyn, and is besides one of the most faithful and active workers in the New York Woman's Press club.

It is not wise or well for women's clubs and organizations to antagonize newspapers and newspaper reporters. The newspapers are our best friends.

I cannot see how the masculine sex can help deteriorating, with all this awful drinking and smoking, genera-tion after generation.

Since the paleozoic age the dictum has echoed down the corridors of time that women are inferior to men because they cannot endure pain and fatigue as men can. The mightiest champion has been the man who could bear torture or surgical operations without finching a hair. It was proof of his strong, splendid nerve and of will power and intellectual strength. But now comes Professor Cesare Lombroso—and all the little dogs are barking at him—de-claring that women are inferior to men in nervous development and otherwise because they bear pain better than men do. Some people are hard to please.

One of the most magnificent collec-tions of lace in the world is that of Queen Margherita of Italy, and she is to allow it to be exhibited in the woman's department of the World's fair.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

He Can Whistle.

One of the smallest and apparently most helpless newboys in the great number of children seen about Printing House square who are prematurely forced into the struggle for money has a gift which serves in some degree to compensate him for his deficiencies of physical outfit. He has learned to whistle through his fingers, if not sweetly, so loudly and shrilly as to be a curiosity. He is known to most of the newspaper reporters, and he often appears where a number are gathered and is pretty sure to be asked for an exhibition of his ac-complishment. He shows little artistic pleasure in his performance, but with his commercial spirit precociously de-veloped puts his fingers in his mouth with a perfectly impressive composure.

When asked to whistle, he usually takes the precaution of saying, "Ask the boss," for his piercing, shrill notes have often caused his rough ejectionment from public buildings. He is sometimes suborned by a vindictive reporter, who feels he has been unjustly treated, to whistle his shrillest under the window of an offending municipal officer holder. He is a pitiful little figure, and is gener-ally well rewarded with small coin.—New York Times.

Difficult.

An aged Baptist elder, who was noted for his intellectual vigor, was convers-ing one evening with a number of the brethren when the subject of old age was touched upon. One of his friends ventured to ask if he found that his in-creasing years had in any way impaired his memory.

The good old man pondered for awhile, and then replied, "Well, I can-not at the present moment remember anything that I have ever forgotten."—Harper's Bazar.

Orchid Cream will cure tan, sun-bottle, White & White, the open all night drugists, 99 Monroe street.

DOCTORS' FEES AND FREE AD-VERTISING.

According to newspaper reports, a col-lectable American surgeon received \$5,000 for removing a mole from a wealthy lady's scalp. The papers fail to state the exact amount of free advertising the doctor managed to obtain.—National Advertiser.

Let's range together. Here's a firm, one of the largest of the country over, that has grown, step by step, through many years to greatness. This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work this advertising) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't be-lieve or cure they won't want your money. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sold on this liberal plan. It doesn't benefit or cure, it cures nothing. It cures Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fetter-ecema, White Swellings, Joint-diseases and kindred ailments.

It's the cheapest blood-purifier sold, through druggists, no matter how many hundred doses are offered for its price (\$1.00 a bottle), and you pay only for the good you get. Can you get more?

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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